

NO. 122.

J. T. CRAIG.

— A REGULAR —

AVALANCHE OF BARGAINS!

STORE-ROOM CROWDED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

You are Bewildered with the Sight of so much that
is Desirable and Attractive,

And the Prices named almost take your breath for Cheapness. Our sole ambition is to

See How Much We can Sell for a Dollar!

**We Keep Everything Pertaining to a First-Class Dry Goods Store,
with a Full and Complete Shoe, Hat and Clothing
Department Attached!**

Our goods are the best and we only know how to lead in LOW PRICES. We could never learn to follow. We want to achieve success by deserving it. We don't expect to get rich in a day. We almost swap dollars with our customers, we sell at so small a profit, still we have no bad debts and find ourselves gaining in strength as a business House all the time.

The Calicoes and Cottons we sell to our customers at 5 cents a yard are worth that by the car-load, except the discount we get off for cash.

We think we can sell you Shoes and Clothing at a saving of from \$3 to \$5 over city prices. Our low prices on Shoes of every description are the marvel of the age. All the fine Lace Curtains and beautiful White Goods that sold so low in the auction will be closed out cheap. If you pay cash and want to see how far a dollar will go, call at

S. L. Powers & Co.'s Great Bargain Store,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

W. P. WALTON.

SOMETIME ago when the question of prohibiting base ball playing on Sunday was before the Legislature, we protested against Louisville or any other city being exempted from the provision of the law, when Brer. Logan, of the Times, made fun of our old foggy ideas and suggested that the people of Louisville could not find recreation in our favorite amusement of mumble-thegump in the mint patch on the Sunday afternoons of a hot summer. This is what happened in Brer. Logan's moral city last Sunday according to his own paper: Six thousand spectators—hoodlums, Legislators and ladies—attended Sunday base ball in this city, and becoming displeased with the decisions of the umpire, converted themselves into a howling mob. It became violent, and the police found it necessary to keep the crowd from rushing on the field and mobbing the umpire. Cat-calls and yells and stamping of feet made the grand stand a bedlam until the end of the game. There were three fights in rapid succession, and people began a stampede. This excitement had the effect of rattling the visitors and they became nervous enough to allow the home boys to make four scores. This was enough to disgust even Brer. Logan, who in his usually forcible manner denounces such decoration of the Lord's day and demands that Sunday base ball shall be prohibited. We have always contended that horse racing, theatricals and circuses should as well be permitted to break the Sabbath as base ball players, as not one of them is more demoralizing and vicious in its tendencies. Let the base ballers and their followers do their bawling in the six days allotted for labor and amusement and make them remember the Sabbath, even if they do not keep it holy.

THE Knights of Labor have gone through the formality of declaring the strike off at St. Louis, when it had declared itself off more than a month ago. The Congressional committee advised it and the chiefs of the order were but too willing to comply, as it gave them a loop hole to get out of a very damaging defeat to them. The men have applied for work, and Mr. Hoxie, general manager, has issued orders to reemploy as many as are needed, giving the preference to those who own homes along the line of the road. As the company had secured about 11,000 new employees in place of the strikers, less than 4,000 of the 15,000 who struck will be able to get their old places. The strike has proved a terrible boomerang to the strikers. It was almost without expense in the first place and its continuance was a piece of stubbornness inexcusable.

It is gratifying to know that Z. T. Young, who figured so uneasily in the Rowan county trouble, will not be commonwealth's attorney of the district next term. Returns from all the counties of the Mayville Judicial district are to the effect A. E. Cole, of Mayville, for Circuit Judge, and James Salles, of the same town for Prosecuting Attorney, have secured a majority of the delegated votes, and will be nominated to the respective offices named at a convention to be held at Carlisle, May 11.

SENATOR BECK has published a card in the Lexington Press to correct some misrepresentations that he accuses Judge Charley Kincaid of constantly making in regard to him. He says "perhaps that correspondent thinks (if he can think) that he is pleasing somebody by misrepresenting me. I have not noticed him before, and would not now, but for the fact that other papers than the one he represents are taking his dispatches for true."

AFTER passing a law to make gambling a felony, the Legislature enacted a bill containing a clause which permitted the licensing of pool rooms in Louisville, but Gov. Knott detected the inconsistency and vetoed the bill. It is a cold day when an objectionable enactment passes the eagle eye of the executive and it is well for such a legislature as he has to watch, that he is always on the alert.

WE had no idea anyone would be silly enough to construe as a slur the little pleasantry we tried to get off on the Louisville Times' effort at printing the names of the prospective republican candidates for judicial offices in this district. Both Col. Morrow and Capt. Herndon understood it as both know that we have always entertained the most friendly feelings for them.

THE withdrawal of the nomination of Warren Green to the Kanagawa Consularship is a partial effort to right the wrong of his appointment. A haem-scram fellow, with no appreciation of the honor of an obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, is not the sort of a man to represent the United States in any capacity whatever.

BOTH Houses have resolved to pack their tents and steal away from Frankfort, May 17. God hasten the time and may he never permit us to be crested with another such manager.

MARTIN IRONS denies that he has been expelled from the Knights of Labor, but if it were true it would be all the better for the Knights. Irons is a low-down agitator.

A NUMBER of the socialistic leaders, including Schwab and Spies have been arrested and are in jail at Chicago. They should be made to swing at once from the gallows.

BULLY for the Senate! It defeated the infamous parole bill passed by the House to turn most of the convicts loose upon an unoffending public.

GEN. LONGSTREET, who fought gallantly for the Lost Cause through the war, but who became so thoroughly reconstructed afterwards as to be taken into the republican fold and given a fat office, appeared at the great Southern gathering in a full suit of the Confederate uniform that he wore while fighting the best government the world ever saw. As he is truly loyal this has not alarmed the radical and vernal northern press at all, but they continue to abuse and vilify Mr. Davis and will use his utterances for all they are worth from now on till the fall elections. This class of cattle would do well to ponder on what Gen. Longstreet said during the ceremony: "This occasion is a revival of a harmless but beautiful sentiment. The old soldiers wanted to get together again, and this was perhaps the best occasion for a meeting. It means no disrespect to any other section of the country, nor is there an evidence of disloyalty in the display. We all recognize that the war is over, and that all the questions then submitted for decision to the sword are forever settled. Mr. Davis, growing old, the people were anxious to see him once again, and this was the best time to do it. Probably it is his last appearance among us. That is all this demonstration means, and the right to this celebration by both the young and the old will everywhere be acknowledged. It means nothing more than a reversion of old comrades and the revival of never fading memories."

THE police attempted to disperse a riotous assembly at Chicago, composed of strikers, agitators and socialists, which responded by throwing dynamite bombs into their midst, killing four of them outright and wounding many others. They then opened a fusillade with revolvers, but the police returned the fire and put them to flight with the loss of several killed and wounded. The greatest excitement prevailed and the whole city was thrown almost into a panic. Chicago has permitted these cat throats and refuse of creation to hold Sunday meetings and plot murder, rapine, arson and robbery and the riot is but the natural outcome of such scoundrels grown bold by the failure of the authorities to disperse and punish the dirty crew. If the police can not bring them into subjection, the State troops should be brought to bear and failing the Federal forces should be ordered to the scene and mow them down right and left. The socialist spirit must be nipped in the bud or anarchy and continued bloodshed will result all over the country.

WE present in another column a card from Mr. Waddle, late candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, which settles beyond cavil his position in the premises. Such a card was expected as it is customary in close races especially for the defeated candidate to avow his acceptance of the situation and bow cheerfully to the decision of the majority. We have all along said that Mr. Waddle would not do otherwise than accept the result in a proper manner, but thought that some expression from him was due under the circumstances.

THE bill to continue the Geological Survey and limit the appropriation to \$10,000 per annum, passed the House easily, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Bobbitt, Mr. Merridith and others of that ilk, who made speeches in opposition. The Survey has been of incalculable benefit to the State and its continuance ought never even to have been questioned.

THE result of the primary in Ohio county gives Judge L. P. Little the democratic nomination for Circuit Judge by 129 majority over Capt. Owen. Little carried Ohio by 621 votes. The Owensboro papers can now resume their normal conservatism and let up on wool pulling for a season.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The House has passed the Senate bill for the benefit of D. B. Edmiston, committee for George Delaney, of Lincoln county.

—Maj. Rigney has offered a bill to take the sense of the voters of Casey county as to the propriety of moving the county seat from the present location to the town Yosemite in said county.

—Both Houses have passed a bill which provides that officers of the court, and parties to the action, who are witnesses in the case, shall not be excluded from the court room during the taking of the testimony.

—Representative Williams has withdrawn the bill to add Taylor county to the Eighth Judicial district. In this connection I desire to say that Mr. Aicorn, the democratic nominee for Circuit Judge in the Eighth district, had nothing whatever to do with the introduction of the bill. He is satisfied with his district as at present constituted, and will be elected by a thousand majority over any Republican that can be put against him.—[Frankfort correspondent Louisville Times.]

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mayor W. T. Hanley, of Mt. Sterling, is dead.

—Mr. Ezra Offutt, an aged citizen of Georgetown, died Wednesday.

—There are four negroes on the grand jury now in session in Louisville.

—Henry Wolford, city treasurer of Louisville, is 82 years old and has held office for 59 consecutive years.

—A colored convict at the Kewee mine was killed and a white one shot by the guards as they ran in effort to escape.

—Representative McCreary is talked of as Beck's successor in the Senate; but he says, "I am a candidate for Congress; one thing at a time."

—The lumbermen on strike made a movement Wednesday on the McCormick Reaper Works and a serious collision with the police resulted. The disorder was stimulated by the Socialistic element which has for some time been seeking an opportunity for display. A number of the strikers were wounded.

—Representative J. W. Throckmorton, of the Fifth Texas district, has announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election to Congress.

—The militia fired into a mob of strikers at Milwaukee, Wis., killing two and wounding three. That is the surest and only way to put an end to lawlessness.

—Senator Kenna has been selected chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee and Gen. Goff, of the Republican Committee. Both are West Virginians.

—Senator Ingalls' resolution for changing inauguration day from March 4 to April 30 has been favorably reported by the committee on privileges and elections.

—John W. Black, the man who was shot by John Charles, in a difficulty in Jackson county last Sunday, has since died. Charles escaped from the guard and is at large.

—It will be a happy day when Kentucky has a Governor who does not know more about the merits of a felony case than the court which tried it.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

—The House passed a bill Tuesday imposing a license tax of from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum upon sleeping-car companies doing business in Kentucky, which is pretty steep as is the fare on such cars.

—It is announced that Hon. Stanley Matthews, of the United States supreme court, is to be married to the widow of Judge T. C. Theaker, who was commissioner of patents under President Lincoln.

—The seventh May Musical Festival will be held at Cincinnati, May 18-22. Besides the distinguished soloists, there will be 600 trained singers. Season tickets \$10, single seat \$2.50. Low rates by all the railroads, especially the O. & M.

—Ool. Oscar Turner, after defying the Democratic organization of the First district for ten years, and seeing there is no hope for him in the future on that line, has concluded to submit his claims to the democratic primary in the Congressional contest this summer. This is like death-bed repentance.—[Owensboro Messenger.]

To the Democrats of the 8th Judicial District.

I have learned that in certain quarters it is charged that I have not accepted the result of the late primary in good faith. I desire to say that I cheerfully submit to the result as declared and I hope and expect that my friends will accord to my late competitor the same hearty support in the final contest as they would have expected from his friends if I had been successful. With the profoundest gratitude to those who supported me and the kindest of feelings for all, I am Your Obedient Servant, O. H. WADDLE.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

—Lewie Sowder, who was sent from this county sometime ago to the Lunatic Asylum, has returned and seems to be perfectly sane. Says he was well cared for while there.

—John Lunsford, who sued the L. & N. R. R. Company for \$300 for injuries sustained by a hand car running over him, has compromised with the Company, which pays his doctor bills and gives him a job of work on a section.

—J. W. Brown has returned from Indianapolis, where he took his little nephew, Wade Mullins, to the National Surgical Institute for treatment. They can cure him in six months; he is badly crippled. Mr. B. brought him back, but will take him again.

—News has reached here that David O. Gibson has been arrested at Dwarf, Perry county, for dealing unlawfully in pension claims. Mr. Gibson formerly lived in this county and was sent from here to the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary, where he served a term of 5 years for the same offense.

—Rev. Oscar Duval procured license here this morning to marry Miss Lizzie Pryor at Wilmore Chapel next Sunday at 10 A. M. They live in the Copper Creek neighborhood. Mr. Duval is a young minister of the M. E. Church South and quite an able one too. Miss Pryor is an accomplished and amiable young lady and calculated to make a man a model wife. May prosperity and happiness attend their pathway through life.

—Jim Frazer was appointed town marshal instead of James Croncher. Mr. C. is at Greenwood guarding convicts and would not accept the place. Jim will make a good officer and will bring the boys to time. E. B. Smith was appointed attorney. Only one suit has been brought in the police court. Walter Tomlin swore out a warrant for the arrest of Cynthia Fry for using abusive language to his wife. The case was called to-day, but for some cause it was put off till Saturday. Cynthia was required to give a bond in the sum of \$100. This is said to be a good case to break in the officers.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield was at her father's Mr. Jack Adams, Saturday. Miss Susie B. Woodyard visited Mrs. J. W. Brown, Friday. Mr. F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from Lincoln and Garrard, where they have been visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. M. C. Bragg is at her daughter's, Mrs. R. E. Thompson's, in Garrard county. Mr. M. J. Miller, wife and daughter have returned from Garrard, where they went to see their daughter, Mrs. James Adams, who was quite sick. She is much better. I am glad to note Miss Clara Whitehead's recovery. She is walking around again.

—S. F. Wishard, State Visitor for the Kentucky Sunday School Union, was here Tuesday in the interest of the S. S. cause and delivered an address at night to a good audience. His talk was good, his singing beautiful. A Sunday School Convention will be held at this place some time in this month. Will announce the time in a few days. "All who are interested in the S. S. work are invited to assist in the convention, especially the superintendents and teachers of the different schools of the county. I am glad to say that more interest is being manifested in this county in the Sunday-school cause than ever before. This is the main object of S. S. Conventions, to arouse the christian people to a sense of their duty in stirring up more interest in the work. Misses Mattie Williams, Ida Adams and T. N. Roberts are appointed a committee on arrangements, invitations, etc.

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GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Editor M. D. Hughes is on the sick list this week. The News shows a decided improvement accordingly.

—"Old Nick," a venerable grey horse, the property of Eggleman & Farria, died Tuesday morning. He was valued at \$150.

—The rumor that the Howsley Rifles will be ordered to Chicago to quell the disturbance there is unfounded in every respect.

—The County Sunday School Convention will be held at the Christian church in this place on Wednesday, May 19th. All the people are invited to attend.

—What Lancaster needs and wants most is a real live base ball club. There are lots of good material around town which ought to be utilized to some good advantage and if anything can bring glory to a place it is a base-ball club.

—We may be mistaken but we don't think we are; everything points to it and we have got it dead straight that two of Lancaster's belles will marry in a very few weeks. The young ladies in question don't live far apart and we would gladly give their names were we allowed to do so.

—Miss Lizzie Simpson, of Lebanon, is visiting Misses Mattie and Sallie Denny, near Hyattsville. Col. John H. Woodcock has gone to Somerset on business. Mr. James W. Miller, of Eta, Mo., is visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. M. L. Granger has returned from San Antonio, Texas. Miss Anna Vaughan has returned from Christianburg.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—George Lee for assaulting and otherwise abusing John Cowan was fined \$10 in the police court this morning. Both colored.

—Mr. John A. Heron, of the Citizens National Bank, has returned from a visit of several weeks to his mother and sister, who live in Memphis.

—The first spring game of base ball between the Centre College nine and the town nine will take place on the College ground to-morrow.

—Mr. G. W. Welsh, Jr., lost his fine Jersey cow by death Wednesday morning. She was a very fine animal and cost \$600 at McCormick's sale when a two-year-old.

—Messrs. Samuel and Lapsley McKee and Alex. Irvine, who have been attending Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., arrived here last night to spend their vacation.

—Mr. J. J. Robertson, of Harrodsburg, and Miss Anna D. Ennis, of this county, obtained license to marry on the 4th inst. The parties are to be married this (Thursday) evening at the home of the bride's father, Mr. George Ennis.

—R. M. Fisher and James Gentry to-day shipped two fine yearling colts to Lexington to be disposed of at B. G. Bruce's sale on Saturday. Mr. Fisher's colt is by Harry O'Fallon out of Bettie B. by Imp. Buckden; Mr. Gentry's by Jila Johnson, dam by Tom Bowling.

—Mr. E. I. K. Moore, of this county, and Miss Dora L. King, of Garrard county obtained marriage license on the 31 and were married at Lexington yesterday. The bride has taught school in this county for some months past. The groom is a son of Mr. J. B. Moore, of this county.

—A walking match took place on Tuesday at Rue's trotting track, which is 1/2 of a mile round. Messrs. Robert and Ben Blakeman, John Nash and Benj. Waldrige were the contestants. Mr. Waldrige took in the first money and Mr. Nash the second. The distance walked was 22 miles.

—"Mambrino Stattle," owned by David Bonner, of New York, and in charge of Cecil Bros. of this place, has been very ill for some days past with "pink-eye" complicated, perhaps, with pneumonia. Dr. Taggard, the celebrated veterinary surgeon of Lexington, has been to see him this week. Yesterday he was thought to be a little better.

—Dr. Harvey Mills is the senior partner and general manager of an establishment on the corner of Main and Third street that undonhiedly supplies a long felt want in Danville. Nearly everything calculated to tickle the palates of old and young is kept constantly on hand. Only one article is lacking as yet and that article is to be supplied in the near future, and the name of it is "PIE."

—Mr. Samuel Linebaugh and Miss Mamie Swannson eloped from here on Tuesday morning, taking the 1 o'clock train for Louisville, at Junction City. They were married that evening at Jeffersonville. The bride is a grand-daughter of Col. J. H. Thomas and was visiting the family of that gentleman at the time she and her lover departed for Indiana. The bride's parents live in Russellville as does the family of Mr. Linebaugh and the happy couple are now in that city hawking in the sunshine of parental forgiveness.

—Mr. Snow, a brakeman on a passenger train on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, was tried before County Judge Lee and jury on Tuesday on a charge of using language toward John Denny, of color, calculated to provoke an assault. It seems that Denny got on the train at Junction City to come to Danville and refused to pay the fifteen cents the company requires of all passengers who fail to procure tickets before entering the cars. After the conductor prepared to put him off Denny managed to take up the additional nickel which he paid and when he reached Danville he instituted the prosecution referred to. The jury found him not guilty in the case and promptly acquitted Mr. Snow.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder is pure. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 165 Wall Street, N. Y.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.
This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.
M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop., Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Millinery.

I have just returned from the city and I cordially invite you to call and see my elegant line of Millinery before buying. I also call attention to my finely selected stock of Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery, Headstitches, Collars, Cuffs and Corsets of different styles. Ladies' White Embroidered Dresses. I can be found at my store in the room lately vacated by the post-office.
MRS. KATE DEDDER, Danville, Ky.

WEAREN & MENEFEE,

—Dealers in all kinds of—

Farming Implements and Machinery,

—SURREYS—

Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Farm Wagons,

Grain, Wool, Seeds, Feed, Coal, Lumber, Etc.

THE HOUSE

TO GET THE BEST BARGAINS

—Is the one that carries the largest and—

BEST STOCK OF GOODS

Our facilities for buying and the discounts on the great quantities we buy enables us to give better prices than any one.

We do not aim to sell at same price as any other merchant,

—But we—

MEAN TO CUT PRICES

Straight through on all goods handled by us. We have now the largest stock ever brought to this city and all we ask you is to call and examine our goods.

METCALF & FOSTER.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.



The Bucket Pump & Water Purifier

Is an improvement on any Pump or Elevator yet invented. The cups descending full of air and ascending full of water, circulate the air from bottom to top of cistern or well, removing wiggles, water bugs, and rendering the water pure, removing all color, bad taste or smell. This Pump has an improved chain; no links to get twisted; each cup is soldered permanently, and instead of a link, a dal piece of galvanized iron is used. Do not purchase a pump until you see this. Very respectfully,
W. H. HIGGINS.

Buy Your Flour

FROM
W. N. POTTS & CO.
BONANZA MILLS, RICHMOND, KY.

They have a new Patent Process Mill and make first-class Flour, which they sell at bottom prices. Mr. J. D. Mitchell travels for them in this section and would be glad to serve his old friends and many new ones.

(110-1m)

Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

SUPPLEMENT.

CONVICT COLONIES.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT
IN SIBERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Exiles Who are Allowed to Roam the
Tundra at Will—Others Who are Sur-
rounded by a Dead-Line Ditch—No
Sunday—Intercourse of Bribes.

The great Barabara steppes between the Irish and the Obi is traversed by strips of woodland—"cross-timbers" as they would call them in Texas—where game abounds and where several trading posts control the collection of a yearly quantum of furs, compulsory hunting and trapping being the only penalty imposed upon a comparatively enervated class of exiles—the "twelve-year-men" transported for manslaughter, burglary and similar secondary offenses. They are permitted to roam the tundra at will, being merely required to report at headquarters twice or thrice a year—often only if black marked for neglect of duty. During the first year they draw government rations, which they are afterward permitted to commute for all sorts of extra supplies if their earnings exceed the prescribed minimum. Some of these involuntary sportsmen own quite comfortable log houses.

At the expiration of their term they are permitted to sell their homesteads to a free settler, unless they should prefer to become permanent settlers themselves, and exchange a free wilderness for the comforts and constraints of west Russian city life. Their penal servitude is not much harder than that to which poverty and an equally rigorous climate subject thousands of our northern pioneers. But there is an exceptional lot, and at Telma, in the government of Irkutsk, there are penal factories where convicts are worked for fourteen hours a day, and required to pass the nights in a shanty-town, surrounded by a dead-line ditch which they must not approach on pain of being shot down like wild beasts. They, too, are, however, permitted to improve their lot by over-time work, and are treated with comparative indulgence, being charged with such venial sins as robbery, incest and violation of the exiles laws.

Political offenders go to the mines. Some are sent to the Stanovoi mountains in the far east, where escape is physically-geographically impossible. Others go to Serezhov, or to Verkhichinsk, where the gloom of their misery is never lighted by a ray of the sun, their time being divided between work in the bowels of the hills or sleep in the dank room of their prison barracks. Their food consists of rye bread and a slice of salt beef, washed down with ditch water. Barring accidents in the shafts, they work from 4 a. m. to 6 p. m., without intermission, dinner being omitted in the menu of their daily meals. Super, the principal meal of the day, has to be prepared and finished within eighty minutes, for an hour and a half after their return from the mines the drum beats for lights out.

THE MAKERS OF VERKHICHINSK.
They have no Sunday, and only one yearly holiday—the birthday of the czar. A few men of iron constitution have actually endured the horrors of that hell for twenty-five years. The happy plurality die before the end of the fifth year. Yet so omnipotent is bribery in the dominions of the czar that families of wealth are known to have lightened the burden of their exiled relatives even in the hands of Verkhichinsk. By the collusion of half a dozen officials prisoners can be kept on the sick-list for years together, a mining slave can secure a berth in the commissary department or even a confidential clerkship, after the timely and well-greased resignation of his predecessor.

A private interview with the governor of Telma is said to have wrought even greater miracles. A sick convict was permitted to get stiff enough to justify his removal in a perforated coffin, which, at the cemetery gate, was deftly exchanged for a less airy, but also less heavy casket. The relatives of the deceased managed the rest of the programme. During the prevalence of a convenient epidemic another governor took it upon himself to detail one of his convicts for duty in the role of a "special assistant physician," and soon afterward was obliged to report that his brevet doctor had abused his confidence by taking a prescription of his own—a rather liberal dose of fresh air.

—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Journals of the United Kingdom.

The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,000. England claims 1,384—409 of these belonging to London alone; Scotland, 165; Ireland, 45; Wales 54, and the various Isles, 21. The dailies reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the small Isles—187 in all, while forty years ago there were only 13 daily papers in the whole kingdom—12 in England, and 2 in Ireland. Within these forty years the newspaper press has almost quadrupled, considering that in 1849 there were but 531 journals published. Now, also, 1,388 magazines are published in the year, and 307 of these are distinctly religious tendency.—Chicago Herald.

Innocuous Tea for the Dyspeptic.

A high authority mentions that tea may be rendered innocuous to the dyspeptic by the adding of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the tea that is to be infused. His experiments have shown that ten grains of bicarbonate of soda added to an ounce of dry tea just before infusion "almost entirely removes the retarding influence upon digestion." This will be good news to the lover of "the cup that cheers" who has been obliged to give up his favorite beverage. The tea will be found somewhat darker than that infused in the ordinary way.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The Manufacture of Stage Jewels.

An Englishman, writing about the stage in France, says: "Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and, though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the theatre Francaise there is a property clock for a loud, elegantly painted and made of papier mache, which cost 500 francs or 600 francs—Exchange.

Something for the Tender-Hearted.

Perhaps few young women will care to wear humming birds and other birds of delicate plumage after knowing that, in order that the colors might be preserved, the victims had to be skinned alive.—Chicago Jour-

AMBROSE MALET.

More than thirty years ago I was making a fortnight's tour in Belgium. I had lately been ordained a curate, and was taking my first holiday. I was a fresh-looking young fellow in those days, holding serious views of life, and though young for my years, had the fullest sense of the dignity, no less than the responsibilities, of the sacred profession I had lately entered.

To do right myself, and to set every body else right, seemed to me the most important thing in life; and the first part of the proposition, at any rate, is not a bad formula for a man to start with on his life's career.

I had set out on my travels alone, and plunging at once into some of the more picturesque Belgian scenery, found myself on the evening of the third day, supping in the big hotel of a little village lying among the hills and woods. I was supping alone at the end of a long table of an empty salle a manger when a young man entered, and calling for coffee and cognac, sat down in the circle of light just opposite to me. He was a man of about 30, with a pleasant and remarkably clever face; and, presently falling into conversation with him, I discovered he was the village doctor.

He was a native of the place, able to give me information of which I was in need, concerning the surrounding country; and we were engaged in talking, with my traveling map spread on the table between us, when a waiter entered and addressed a few words to my companion in a low voice.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, turning to me courteously, "there is a sick man upstairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes."

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; but he did not at once resume our conversation. He sat with his hands clasped before his head, gazing before him in silence.

"A sad case," he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; "a life thrown away. A young fellow wounded mortally in a duel, and brought in here yesterday to die. All the doctors in Europe could not save him. He's not alive through the night."

"In a duel!" I said, surprised. Such things, so far, had lain outside the range of my experience.

"Yes, with some Frenchman. They had come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally. The other fellow has made off. This one, by the bye, is a countryman of yours. Stay, I have his name somewhere."

"Good God!" I said. "Ambrose Malet." "Do you know him?" said the doctor.

"I know the name—it may be another man," I answered, in profound agitation. "Is he young—a big, loose-limbed man, with marked features, a large nose, dull brown hair lying straight across his forehead, and, in the kindest, the most genial smile imaginable?"

"Your description answers in every particular," said the doctor, "except, indeed, as regards the smile, which I have not seen. He looks sad enough, poor fellow. He is young, about your own age, I should think. He looked at me with a momentary humorous gleam that seemed to say: 'In all other respects as unlike you as possible. He has gray eyes and wears no beard; on his little finger is a green signet ring. If you are a friend of his I shall be glad. I asked him to-day if I should send to any one, and he replied that he had no relations and not a friend in the world that would come to him.' The tears rushed to my eyes; I could not help it. I rose, and, walking to one of the long windows, stood with my back turned to the room, looking out on the moonlit garden."

Three years before, at Oxford, Ambrose Malet had been my best friend. A lonely man, a solitary soul, he had sought me out through one of those contradictions that sometimes provoke and cement the firmest friendships. He was little known personally at Oxford, yet made his mark at once as a man of powers so unusual that everything might be expected of him. The expectation was founded on a misconception of his character; and yet perhaps not. Who shall say since death came at his, and twenty to solve the problem after his own fashion. A prodigious and unfeeling memory, an almost incredible facility for acquiring and assimilating knowledge, were combined with one of the strongest and most original minds I have ever come across. He took, without appreciable effort, every honor that Oxford has to offer, and he took them with absolute indifference. Knowledge, and always more of the knowledge that he acquired with such ease, seemed all that he desired. He read for hours, not as the bookworm, or the ordinary student, but with a religious, devouring curiosity, an insatiable craving, until in one direction or another he reached the final limit and faced the blank beyond. At such times, as I learned to know, he fell into a dependency that lasted sometimes for days; then rousing himself he would start again on some other track, to arrive at the same end sooner. His mind, I say, was one of the strangest I have met with; but it had no impulse that I ever discovered toward original creation, little even toward original research.

He would take up some branch of science and devour every book on it he could find; but that done, he made no in-lend effort toward fresh discovery—he turned to something else. Some spring that moves to practical action, some link common between man and life, was lacking in him; his soul dwelt among stars and planets, drinking, insatiable; only demanding incessantly what no man ever yet had, no, nor can have ever until the end of time.

He had few acquaintances at Oxford, and no intimate friend but myself. Sometimes he would come to my rooms and silently watching me as I plodded on at my reading. My vocation had early been fixed, and I never wavered in my choice; I had never any idea but that of entering the church. Malet would sit smoking and watching me in silence. Not infrequently we took long walks together.

Sometimes our walk would begin and end in almost total silence. At other times his flow of conversation was almost incessant; and I have not yet met the man who can talk as Malet did when the mood was upon him. I would not, if I could, try to reproduce those talks. What withered and scented words were those that would find representation in the radiant bowers of last year's garden! He was no orthodox believer; his nonorthodoxy shocked me at first; he saw it, and while never hiding his opinions, was careful to avoid shocking me again. But all his views of the conduct of life were simple, pure, and noble; I have never met purer or nobler; and I can trace their effect on my own mind to this day. But he had planned no future career; the hopes and ambitions of other men seemed to have no meaning for him. Something, I say, was wanting in him, some link, that reconciles common humanity to life, that binds society together, that helps the eternal duty of man to man. A tender heart, an endless craving, a solitary soul; such was Ambrose Malet.

I remember his face raised one winter night to the frozen starlit sky. "One day SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, most miserably by that terrible cough. Still, the cure is the remedy for you. For sale at 10, Leinster-st.

we shall know," he said; "yes we shall know—we shall know."

"You believe in the mortality of the soul, Ambrose?" I said. "How do you reconcile that with your other opinions?"

"On no logical grounds," he answered briefly, and changed the subject. I have said he had a tender heart; that is to say little. He had a capacity for profound and passionate love. In the course of our rambles we made the acquaintance—an ordinary young man's adventure—of a farmer's daughter, a young girl who, not without intention, as I had afterward reason to believe, strongly attracted us both. I was in love; if not for the first time in my life, as much as I had ever been before. But Lucy Smiles was not a girl I could have made my wife, and I must do myself the justice to say that, recognizing the fact early in our acquaintance, I broke off, with some resolution, even the semblance of a flirtation. With Malet it was different; he fell deeply and passionately in love with the girl. The difference in our education seemed not to affect him; it was possible, indeed, that an intellect such as his could ever look for or expect the sympathy that springs from equal minds, and on the one occasion on which he spoke to me on the subject—for a reserve had sprung up between us in the matter—I inferred, though he did not state it in so many words, that he hoped to make Lucy his wife immediately on leaving Oxford. Shortly afterward, the girl disappeared from her father's home. Certain circumstances threw suspicion on Malet; nothing was, nothing could be proved against him, but, to tell the story briefly, I thought I had reason to believe the worst, and I believed it. All my incipient love for the girl herself blazed up in a flame of passion and jealousy, and what I held to be righteous indignation at the story of her disappearance, and of her parents' despair. Malet said very little; he gave me his word that he had nothing to do with the matter; he said that I did not believe him, and he said no more. I, on my side, broke with him. He had been my best friend; on more than one occasion he had served me in a way that should have won my undying gratitude. But what gratitude survives a story of wrong! And, indeed, I held myself ungrateful, but just.

Most strange of memories, old affection, remorse, swept over me matters little now. Where were doubts and past suspicions! Alas, that, living or dying, clearness of vision should come to enlighten us at the supreme moment only. I turned from the window to the doctor.

"Can I see him?" I said; "he was the best friend I had in the world?"

"Certainly you can see him," he answered. "He is lying in the room you are now in, long to him should be here. I will take you to him at once. He has a little fever, but is otherwise quite quiet; no more suffering, happily. Nothing can harm him now."

He led the way as he spoke, up flight after flight of the shallow hotel stairs, and down a long passage to a remote and silent part of the house. At the end of the passage a door stood ajar. The doctor paused before it, and said: "You will no doubt wish to remain with your friend?" he said with a smile.

"Undoubtedly," I answered. He gave me one or two brief directions, then, signing to me to wait for a moment, opened the door and went in.

He was alone. He lay with closed eyes, his hands spread out on the counterpane, his head supported by pillows. The night was warm, and though the little casement stood wide open, he seemed oppressed by the heat, and to breathe with difficulty. He was not changed; in early youth even his features had been marked to alter readily; only the lines with which I had been familiar had deepened, and the pallor of mortal sickness overspread his countenance.

He opened his eyes as the doctor's step approached his bedside.

"What time is it?" he said feebly.

"About half-past six," said the doctor. He laid his hand on his patient's wrist as he spoke, and stood for a moment noting the pulse. "There is a friend of yours here," he said, and with a glance at you. I have brought him up."

His forehead and mouth contracted painfully for a moment. "A friend of mine?" he said. "But I have no friends."

I came forward. His glance fell upon me and was suddenly illumined. "Frank!" he cried.

He held out both hands; I grasped them in mine. For a long time we remained motionless. I could not speak; in what words could I address him after my long silence? And he, too, was silent.

His hand relaxed at last. "The doctor had said he was coming," he said. "You were alone. It was he who spoke first. 'You never believed me about Lucy, Frank,' he said, looking at me."

"Don't speak of it," I cried. "I know that I was wrong, utterly wrong. I want to tell you that. Never mind the rest."

"On the contrary I mind it very much," he said, in a feeble voice. "I suspected at the time who was at the bottom of Lucy's disappearance, but I could never bring it home to her. I could never find any trace of her until a few weeks ago, when I saw her by chance in Paris. His voice came and he failed a little with weakness, but in a moment he rallied and went on: "She was living there with some Frenchman—never mind his name. I hunted her up and tried to persuade her to go home to her parents. He resented my interference; we fought—and here I am."

"It was the," I cried, confounded; "it was on account of Lucy?"

"Poor child, poor girl!" he murmured, closing his eyes.

I stood speechless for a while. For the first time I realized Malet's part in the duel of which the doctor had spoken. In face of his mortal malady, I had forgotten for the moment that rivalry's cause.

"Well," he said at last, as I did not speak. "Good heavens, Ambrose! I said you are the last man, yes, the last man, in the world I should have thought would fight a duel."

He smiled a little. "Why not?" he said. "I had no intention of killing the poor wretch who challenged me; he was safe enough from me."

"But the sin of it," I began.

"Oh, the sin of it—the sin of it," he said. "Sit down, Frank," he went on, raising his head and looking at me with a smile by the dim light of the candle. "So you're a parson, a priest, I suppose you would call yourself, and you are going to save men's souls. Well, you'd do a world of good, old fellow, on any way or other. I know so much of you."

He had felt back on the pillow. "Move the light, will you?" he said. "There is nothing to do, and it hurts my eyes. We don't need a candle to talk by."

I rose and set the candle on a deal table in the passage outside. The door stood ajar; only a thread of light fell through the opening. But though the moon was on the other side of the house its suffused whiteness filled the room, and through the open casement the light could be seen falling on a tree-crowned hill that, rising just behind the hotel garden, defied its summit against the pale summer heavens. I took my place again beside Malet's bed. I could see his feet plainly in the twilight as he lay with his head toward the window, his eyes fixed on the sky. For a long time he was silent. He spoke again, quite suddenly.

CATHARIN CURRIE, dealer in sweet breath scented by Shiloh's Cure. Price 50c. For sale at 10, Leinster-st.

"You never believed me about Lucy," he said.

"For God's sake, Ambrose, don't speak of that again!" I cried in anguish. "Forgive me, forgive me; the loss of all these years has been mine."

"No, no," he said; "it is no matter. All is over now, and it is all over. Life, too, will be over in a few hours, and that is well. Strange," he went on after a pause, "that men should dread death as they do. I have known so many; now that I am dying, I think so more than ever. To dread the unknown—when to know the unknown is the great and unattainable desire of life."

"Most men think otherwise," I said; "the love of life is strong."

"Yes, yes, I know it," he said, "and it is better so; it should be so. But something has gone wrong between me and life; I have felt a stranger in it all my life. Death is best."

He lay quiet again for a long while. His breathing was difficult and oppressed. Now and then the wind stirred the trees on the hill outside; the shadows slowly moved with the advancing night; otherwise all was still. But presently he began to turn restlessly in the bed; the hands, hot with fever, strayed over the counterpane. When he spoke again his mind was wandering a little.

"I suppose you go back to Oxford at once, old fellow," he said. "I should like to get back there if it were only for a day. My mother is dead, you know; poor mother. The meadows down by the river; it would be cooler there than here; we might have another walk together. Lucy—"

The words died away in a murmur, but all at once, half raising himself in bed: "No one has believed in me, no one has cared for me," he said, in a strange, loud, solemn voice, such as I have never heard him use before. "And knowledge is ignorance, and one drinks and drinks and the eternal thirst is never quenched, never—"

He looked round wildly till, his eyes falling on me in the imperfect light, gradually full consciousness returned. He lay back quietly.

"Give me some water, will you, Frank?" he said, in an exhausted voice.

I did as he desired.

"I must have been asleep, I think," he said, as his head sank again on the pillow. "I should have liked to tell you all about my wanderings, Frank. I have wandered a good deal since we last met; but I suppose there won't be time. What o'clock is it?"

He felt under the pillow for his watch. I went to the door and, looking at my own watch by the candle outside, told him the hour.

"It is later than I thought," he said, and again lay silent, his face turned to the window. I sat down beside him and took his hand in mine. He let it lie there. "Strange," he said again; "you live alone, and yet you die alone; yet human fellowship is sweet. I like to feel your hand in mine, Frank."

"I was growing weaker. I could see it by the way his head lay on the pillow, and by the increasing difficulty with which he swallowed the cordial I gave him from time to time. I asked him presently whether he had any wishes I could fulfill."

"No," he said at first; then, "bury me here, of course," he said, one spot of earth is like another, and there is no one at home to mourn for me."

"Don't say that," I said. "I broke down, and laying my head on the counterpane, cried like a child. It distressed him. 'Don't,' he said twice, and in a minute I had conquered the weakness. 'I have longed for death,' he said, 'and now it has come. Yes, I am glad to die. Something was wrong between me and life; I could have made nothing of it. Death is best, and what comes after.'"

"You do believe, Ambrose?" I cried. The words were involuntary; for, though the thought had been in my mind since I entered the room, I had not meant to utter it. He looked at me with eyes whose kindness and affection I can never forget.

"Good old Frank!" he said. "If you ever see Lucy," he went on, after a pause, "tell her from me to go back to her parents. I have written to them; she will have no difficulty. Tell her so from me."

The room was growing darker, the moon had set. I could not make out the changes in his face any more. But he still kept it turned toward the window. "Flow bright the stars are to-night," he said once. "Surely we shall know." And once again, "Soon I shall know." Then a long silence.

About midnight the doctor had come in, and laid his hand on his patient's pulse, and with a word without a word, looking up at the light back into the room in the darkest hour before dawn; but Ambrose took no notice. About dawn he died.

An hour later I went through the front door of the hotel, and out into the courtyard to breathe the morning air. The night had been a terrible one to me; I did not, until afterward, know how terrible and poignant. No, only in after years I came to understand what a tale of self-sufficiency had fallen from my eyes, and that, from that day forward, I was a changed man. I went out into the courtyard, looking up at the morning sky, which had the pathos of the light that dawned after one whom we love has died. As I crossed the courtyard on my way to the gates that shut it in from the road one of them was pushed back and a woman came toward me. She wore a veil that concealed her face, but, seeing me, she started, and by a sudden impulse, I suppose, threw it back. Then I saw who she was. "Lucy!" I said.

The blood rushed to her face, then forsook it. It was a lovely face still, though strangely altered since I had last seen it. She stared at me uncertainly for a moment.

"I didn't expect to meet you, sir," she said at last. "I came to ask after Mr. Malet. Can you tell me how he is?"

"He is dead," I answered.

She gave a cry and dropped down on a bench by which we were standing. For a long time she did not say a word, nor after that cry utter a sound. She sat with her hands clasped round her knees, gazing fixedly before her. A look of indescribable dreariness, rather than of grief, gradually overspread her face. As for me, who shall say what emotions I felt! I had once loved the girl—yes, I had loved her, and up in yonder room lay the man whose death she had caused.

At last she spoke.

"I wanted to see Mr. Malet again," she said, in a low voice, without looking up. "I followed them; they did not know it. Can't I see him now?"

She rose as she spoke, but before I could answer, dropped on to the casement.

"No, I couldn't," she said. "I never saw any one dead yet. I couldn't."

"Lucy," I said, "Mr. Malet left a message for you. He bade me entrust you to go back to your parents. He had written to them, he said. You will have no difficulty with them."

Again she sat silent, gazing drearily before her.

"Mr. Malet said the same to me," she said at last. "Of course he couldn't understand. It's not only father and mother, it would be the neighbors, the whole life—no, I can never go home again—never!"

She rose as she spoke, pulling down her veil and drawing her cloak tightly round her against the chill morning air. I made

one more effort, though what it cost me I could not say. It was a moment surely for angel's tongues to plead, and on my tongue the words seemed to weigh like lead.

"Lucy," I said, "surely, Mr. Malet's wish—"

"Don't!" she said very sharply, turning from me.

"At least promise me," I said, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder, "that for his sake, as for your own, your life shall henceforward be different."

She turned suddenly, and solving my hand without looking at me, wrung it with a convulsive sob. The next moment she had disappeared in the mist.

Whether she did go? Alas, I have never known. But, visiting in after years Ambrose Malet's grave, I found laid on it a fresh wreath of immortelles. A stranger had passed and left it there, I was told—Temple Bar.

CITY LODGING-HOUSE DISCOMFORT.

Trouble with the Servants—A Man Without a Breakfast—Helpless.

There is one element usually wanting to your comfort in a lodging-house in New York. Breakfast is a difficult subject, and a man is a helpless being until he has had breakfast. You can not at all rely on the resources of a lodging-house at this point. The truth is that the business of keeping lodgers alive in this city is in a period of transition. The old-fashioned boarding-houses have been abandoned by many of them for lodgings, but the proprietors of these houses have not yet learned how to take care of their charges. In London a very large part of the population have from time immemorial taken care of lodgers, and notwithstanding the abuse heaped upon this class of persons they are usually very decent people, and they succeed in giving you bacon and eggs, or sole, with good tea. There is a bell, and it is answered by a young woman, who is always civil, and is sometimes attractive. She is now and then extremely pretty; but, no matter how pretty she is, you may send her out for a pot of beer. After the hall-door you undergo in an American establishment of the kind, the civil and good nature of these persons are most grateful. The prettiest of them I ever saw would answer my bell half a dozen times in a morning without any lack of love. I once rang for a fork which she had forgotten; she quickly returned with it and laid it down, with the remark: "Mr. Malet never learns to care my services."

But this is not at all the condition of things in New York. The lodging-house proprietors in most cases refuse to give you breakfast at all. If it is given you it is usually intolerable, the brew, butter, eggs, milk, and coffee, being all bad. But in the acquisition of this breakfast, such as it is, the lodger will encounter difficulties. The theoretical intentions of the landlord or landlady are thwarted by the obstructions thrown in the way by the servants; the tactics of Mr. Malet is initiated by his countrymen to good purpose. It is difficult to find out whose business it is to look after you; you are referred by one domestic to another. The Germans are just as bad—very unlike the kind, servicable people of the fatherland. But, however, well disposed the domestic may be, he is often very unwillingly difficult to communicate with them. The room has no bell or if there is one it does not work. But if there is a bell, and it is in good order, it may require some hardihood to ring it. If it becomes necessary to establish some kind of communication with the domestics your position is, indeed, a help as one, they appear to be as jealously secluded as the occupants of an Oriental harem.

And yet it is quite necessary to a comfortable and decent existence that you should not be compelled to go out of the house for your breakfast. It may be very well to go out now and then. On warm and bright days it is occasionally amusing to breakfast at a club or a restaurant. But what can be more unpleasant than to be required to face a blizzard on an empty stomach. Or it may be that the day opens with one of those heavy and steady down-pours which are characteristic of this climate. The dark and dripping world says, mournfully: "Thou hast no breakfast?"

A Fly Man Caught at Last.

"One of the curious traits about those French-Canadians," said a fly man the other day, "is the fact that they never die of old age. Some seventeen years ago a couple of us were working a Great Western train, and we beat a Frenchman out of \$15 on the three card monte racket. He was a little, old, white-haired specimen, seeming to be 11 of 75 years old, and he didn't get the game through his head until we jumped the train at a small station. The other day I was coming to Detroit from the east, and when the train stopped at St. Thomas, I got out to stretch my legs. I had scarcely touched the platform when somebody grasped me and a voice cried out:—

"'He is dangerous! He bait me out of feet—ten dollars!'"

"I looked around to find that same old Frenchman hanging to my arm. I couldn't see that he had changed a particle in looks or grown older by a day."

"I want no feet—ten dollars!" he shouted as he danced around. "His man he throw one—two—three cards and he take me feet—ten dollars and keep!"

"I tried to break it out, but it was no go, and the result was that I had to fork over the money. He stood there as the train moved off, and shaking his fist at me he shouted:—

"'Ah! I forget. You don't pay me no money on that feet—ten dollars for seventeen years! I see you again—maybe seventeen years more.'—Detroit Free Press.

Odd Detention of a Young Man.

There is a young man more or less known about the town as the prodigal son of a rich father who goes on a terrible spree about twice a year. At these times he has the oddest ideas imaginable. Instead of seeing the customary makes, he believes that one of John Robinson's elephants is trying to kill him. It is a fearful delusion, and the young fellow thinks the great animal is chasing him from street to street and from place to place seeking an opportunity to crush him beneath his ponderous foot.

On these occasions he invariably goes to Hagen's detective agency and hires one of the men to kill the elephant. The man goes out and returns in about half an hour, saying that he has shot the animal. Thereupon the prodigal gives the detective \$10 and departs with an untroubled mind. The detective has to kill the elephant about twice a year.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Whittier and His Personal Papers.

John G. Whittier, referring to the report that he had destroyed all his personal letters and papers to prevent posthumous publication, writes that some years ago he destroyed a large collection of letters he had received, not from any regard to his own reputation, but from fear that their publication might be unpleasant or injurious to the writers or their friends. They covered much of the anti-slavery period and the war of the rebellion.—Chicago Times.

W. P. WALTON.

SUPPLEMENT.

CONVICT COLONIES.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT
IN SIBERIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Exiles Who Are Allowed to Roam the Tundra at Will—Others Who Are Surrounded by a Dead-Line Ditch—No Sunday—Potency of Hibernia.

The great Karabinka steppe between the Irish and the Obi is traversed by strips of woodlands—cross-timbers—as they would call them in Texas—where game abounds and where several trading posts control the collection of the yearly quantum of furs, compass hunting and trapping being the only penalty imposed upon a comparatively enviable class of exiles—the "twelve-year-men" transported for manslaughter, burglary and similar secondary offenses. They are permitted to roam the tundra at will, being merely required to report at headquarters twice or three a year—often only if black marked for neglect of duty. During the first year they draw government rations, which they are afterward permitted to commute for all sorts of extra supplies if their earnings should exceed the prescribed minimum. Some of these involuntary sportsmen own quite comfortable log houses.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF DISCOMFORT. At the expiration of their term they are permitted to sell their homestead to a free settler, unless they prefer to become permanent settlers themselves, and exchange a free wilderness for the comforts and constraints of new Russian city life. Their penal servitude is not much harder than that to which poverty and an equally rigorous climate subject thousands of our northwestern pioneers. But there is an exceptional lot, and at Tselma, in the government of Irkutsk, there are penal factories where convicts are worked for fourteen hours a day, and required to pass the nights in a shanty-town, surrounded by a dead-line ditch which they must not approach on pain of being shot down like wild beasts. They, too, no longer, permitted to improve their lot by over-time work, and are treated with comparative indulgence, being charged with such venial sins as robbery, incest and violation of the exiles laws.

Political offenders go to the mines. Some are sent to the Stanopol mountains in the far east, where escape is a physical-geographical impossibility. Others go to Serezhov, or Vetchinsk, where the gloom of their misery is never lighted by a ray of the sun, their time being divided between work in the bowels of the hills or sleep in the bunk-room of their prison barracks. Their food consists of rye bread and a slice of salt beef, washed down with ditch water. Barring accidents in the shafts, they work from 5 a. m. to 6 p. m., without intermission, dinner being omitted in the menu of their daily meals. Supper, the principal meal of the day, has to be prepared and finished within eighty minutes, for an hour and a half after their return from the mines the drum beats for lights out.

THE HABITS OF VETCHINSK. They have no Sunday, and only one yearly holiday—the birthday of the czar. A few men of iron constitution have actually endured the horrors of that hell for twenty-five years. The happy plurality die before the end of the fifth year. Yet so omnipotent is bribery in the dominions of the czar that families of wealth are known to have lightened the burden of their exiled relatives even in the hells of Vetchinsk. By the collusion of half a dozen officials prisoners can be kept on the sick-list for years together, a mining slave can secure a berth in the commissary department or even a confidential clerkship, after the timely and well-greased resignation of his predecessor.

A private interview with the governor of Tselma is said to have wrought even greater miracles. A convict was ordered to get stiff enough to justify his removal in a perforated collar, which, at the cemetery gate, was deftly exchanged for a less airy, but also less heavy casket. The relatives of the deceased managed the rest of the programme. During the prevalence of a convenient epidemic another governor took it upon himself to detail one of his convicts for duty in the role of a "special assistant physician," and soon afterward was obliged to report that his brevet doctor had abused his confidence by taking a prescription of his own—a rather liberal dose of fresh air.—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Journals of the United Kingdom. The newspapers now published in the United Kingdom number 2,068. England claims 1,634—499 of these belonging to London alone; Scotland, 103; Ireland, 102; Wales 83, and the various islands, 21. The dailies reach 144 in England, 21 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the small isles—137 in all, while forty years ago there were only 13 daily papers in the whole kingdom—12 in England, and 2 in Ireland. Within these forty years the newspaper press has almost quadrupled, considering that in 1840 there were but 351 journals published. Now, also, 1,308 magazines are published in the year, and 327 of these are of distinctly religious tendency.—Chicago Herald.

Innocuous Tea for the Dyspeptic. A high authority mentions that tea may be rendered innocuous to the dyspeptic by the adding of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the tea that is to be infused. His experiments have shown that ten grains of bicarbonate of soda added to an ounce of dry tea just before infusion almost entirely removes the retarding influence upon digestion. This will be good news to the lover of the "cup that cheers" who has been obliged to give up his favorite beverage. The tea will be found somewhat darker than that infused in the ordinary way.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

The Manufacture of Stage Jewelry. An Englishman, writing about the stage in France, says: "Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and, though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the theatre Français there is a property clock for a boudoir, elegantly painted and made of papier-mache, and which cost 500 francs or 600 francs."—Exchange.

Something for the Tender-Hearted. Perhaps few young women will care to wear humming birds and other birds of delicate plumage after knowing that, in order that the colors might be preserved, the victims had to be skinned alive.—Chicago Journal.

AMBROSE MALET.

More than thirty years ago I was making a fortnight's tour in Belgium. I had lately been ordained to a curacy, and was taking my first holiday. I was a fresh-looking young fellow in those days, holding serious views of life, and though young for my years, had the fullest sense of the dignity, no less than the responsibilities, of the sacred profession I had lately entered.

To do right myself, and to set everybody else right, seemed to me the most important thing in life; and the first part of the proposition, at any rate, is not a bad formula for a man to start with on his life's career. I had set out on my travels alone, and plunging at once into some of the more picturesque Belgian scenery, found myself on the evening of the third day, supping in the hill hotel of a little village lying among the hills and woods. I was supping alone at the end of a long table of an empty sale a maigre, and a young man entered, and sitting for coffee and cognac, sat down in the circle of light just opposite to me. He was a man of about 30, with a pleasant and remarkably clever face; and, presently falling into conversation with him, I discovered he was the village doctor. He was a native of the place, able to give me information, of which I was in need, concerning the surrounding country; and we were engaged in talking, with my traveling utop spread on the table between us, when a waiter entered and addressed a few words to my companion in a low voice.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said, turning to me courteously, "there is a sick man upstairs who requires my attendance. I shall not be gone many minutes."

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and sat down opposite to me again; only if black marked for neglect of duty. He sat with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing before him in silence. "A sad case," he said at last, letting his hands fall to his side; "a life thrown away. A young fellow wounded mortally in a duel, and brought in here yesterday to die. All the doctors in Europe could not save him. He won't live through the night."

"In a duel?" I said, surprised. Such things are far from him outside the range of my experience.

"Yes, with some Frenchman. They had come here across the frontier. Such affairs are not uncommon hereabout, but they rarely terminate fatally. The other fellow has made off. This one, by the bye, is a countryman of yours. Stay, I have his name somewhere."

He fumbled in his pocket for a notebook, and extracting a card, handed it to me across the table. I read the name; I let the card drop.

"Good God!" I said. "Ambrose Malet."

"Do you know him?" said the doctor.

"I know the name—it may be another man," I answered, in profound agitation. "Is he young—a big, loose-limbed man, with marked features, a large nose, dull brown hair lying straight across his forehead, and the kindest, the most genial smile imaginable?"

"Your description answers in every particular," said the doctor, "except, inasmuch as regards the smile, which I have not seen. He looks sad enough, poor fellow. He is young, about your own age, I should think. He looked at me with a momentary humorous gleam that seemed to say: 'In all other respects as unlike you as possible. He has gray eyes and wears no beard; on his little finger is a green signet ring. If you are a friend of his I shall be glad. I asked him to-day if I should send to any one, and he replied that he had no relations and not a friend in the world that would come to him.'"

The tears rushed to my eyes; I could not help it. I rose, and, walking to one of the long windows stood with my back turned to the room, looking out on the moonlit garden.

Three years before, at Oxford, Ambrose Malet had been my best friend. A lovely man, a solitary soul, he had sought me out through one of those contradictions that sometimes provoke and cement the firmest friendships. He was little known personally at Oxford, yet made his mark at once as a man of powers so unusual that everything might be expected of him. The expectation was founded on a misconception of his character; and yet perhaps not. Who shall say since death came at six and twenty to the problem after its own fashion. A prodigious and unflinching memory, an almost incredible facility for acquiring and assimilating knowledge, were combined with one of the strongest and most original minds I have ever come across. He took, without appreciable effort, every honor that Oxford has to offer, and he took them with absolute indifference. Knowledge, and always more of the knowledge that he acquired, with such ease, seemed all that he desired. He read for hours, not as the bookworm reads, or the ordinary student, but with a prodigious, devouring curiosity, an insatiable craving, until in one direction or another he reached the final limit and faced the blank beyond. At such times, as I learned to know, he fell into a despondency that lasted sometimes for days; then rousing himself he would start again on some other track, to arrive at the same result. His mind, I say, was open to the angel I have met with; but it had no impulse that ever discovered toward original creation, little even toward original research.

He would take up some branch of science and devour every book on it he could find; but that done, he made no independent effort toward fresh discovery—he turned to something else. Some spring that moves to practical action, some link common between man and life, was lacking in him; his soul dwelt solitary and apart, thirsting, drinking, insatiably, only demanding incessantly "no more," no more ever yet had—no, nor can have ever until the end of time.

He had few acquaintances at Oxford, and no intimate friend but myself. Sometimes he would come to my rooms and silently watching me as I plodded on at my reading. My vocation had early been fixed, and I never wavered in my choice; I had never any idea but that of entering the church. Malet would sit smoking and watching me in silence. Not infrequently we took long walks together.

Sometimes our walk would begin and end in almost total silence. At other times his flow of conversation was almost unceasing; and I have not yet met the man who can talk as Malet did when the mood was upon him. I would not, if I could, try to reproduce those talks. What withered and scentless words are those that would faintly represent the radiant bowers of last year's garden! He was sometimes gay, more often serious. He was no orthodox believer; his unorthodoxy shocked me at first; he saw it, and while varying his opinions, was careful to avoid shocking me again. But all his views of the conduct of life were simple, pure, and noble; I have never met purer or nobler; and I can trace their effect on my own mind to this day. But he had planned no future career; he hoped and ambitions of other men seemed to have no meaning for him. Something, I say, was wanting in him, some link, that reconciles common humanity to life, that binds society together, that helps the eternal duty of man to man. A tender heart, an endless craving, a solitary soul; such was Ambrose Malet.

I remember his face raised one winter night to the frozen starlit sky. "One day I shall know," he said; "yes we shall know—we shall know." "You believe in the mortality of the soul, Ambrose?" I said. "How do you reconcile that with your other opinions?" "On no logical grounds," he answered, briefly, and changed the subject. "I believe in a real heart; that is to say, I believe in a capacity for profound and passionate love. In the course of our rambles we made the acquaintance of an ordinary young man's adventure—a farmer's daughter, a young girl who, not without intention, as I had afterward reason to believe, strongly attracted us both. I was in love; if not for the first time in my life, as much as I had ever been before. But Lucy Shiles was not a girl I could have made my wife, and I must do myself the justice to say that, recognizing the fact early in our acquaintance, I broke off, with some resolution, even the semblance of a flirtation. With Malet it was different; he felt deeply and passionately in love with the girl. The difference in station and education seemed not to affect him; I was, in fact, indeed, that as I felt such as his could ever look for or expect, the sympathy that springs from equal minds, and on the one occasion on which he spoke to me on the subject—for a reserve had sprung up between us in the matter—I inferred, though he did not state it in so many words, that he hoped to make Lucy his wife immediately on leaving Oxford. Shortly afterward, the girl disappeared from her father's home. Certain circumstances threw suspicion on Malet; nothing was, nothing could be proved against him; but, to tell the story briefly, I thought I had reason to believe the worst, and I believed it. All my implicit love for the girl herself blazed up in a flame of passion and jealousy, and what I held to be righteous indignation at the story of her disappearance, and of her parents' despair. Malet said very little; he gave me his word that he had had nothing to do with the matter; he said that I did not believe him, and he said no more. I, on my side, broke with him. He had been my best friend; on more than one occasion he had served me in a way that should have won my undying gratitude. But what gratitude survives a sense of wrong? And, indeed, I held myself not ungrateful, but just.

What storm of memories, old affection, remorse, ever more and past suspicion! Alas, that, living or dying, clearness of vision should come to enlighten us at the supreme moment only. I turned from the window to the doctor.

"Can I see him?" I said; "he was the best friend I had in the world."

"Certainly you can see him," he answered.

"I rejoice indeed that you or any other being should be able to see him," I said, "you him at once. He has a little fever, but is otherwise quite quiet; so a visit, suffering, happily. Nothing can harm him now."

He led the way as he spoke, up flight after flight of the shallow hotel stairs, and down a long passage to a remote and silent part of the house. At the end of the passage a door stood ajar. The doctor passed before we reached it. "You will no doubt wish to remain with your friend," he said. "Undoubtedly," I answered.

He gave me one or two brief directions, then turned to me to wait for a moment, opened the door and went in.

He was alone. He lay with closed eyes, his hands spread out on the counterpane, his head supported by pillows. The night was warm, and though the little casement stood wide open, he seemed oppressed by the heat, and to breathe with difficulty. He was not changed; in early youth even his features had been too marked to alter readily; only the lines with which I had been familiar had deepened, and the pallor of mortal sickness overspread his countenance.

He opened his eyes as the doctor's step approached his bedside.

"What time is it?" he said feebly.

"About half-past 9," said the doctor. He laid his hand on his patient's wrist as he spoke, and stood for a moment noting the pulse. "There is a friend of yours here," he said, then, "who wants to see you. I have brought him in."

His forehead and mouth contracted painfully for a moment. "A friend of mine?" he said. "But I have no friends."

I came forward. His glance fell upon me and was suddenly illumined. "Frank!" he cried.

He held out both hands; I grasped them in mine. For a long time we remained motionless. I could not speak; in what words could I address him after my long silence? And I saw that he was dying.

His hold relaxed at last. The doctor had silently disappeared. I was alone. It was he who spoke first. "You never loved me about Lucy, Frank," he said, looking at me.

"Don't speak of it," I cried. "I know that I was wrong, utterly wrong. I want to tell you that. Never mind the rest."

"On the contrary I mind it very much," he said, in a feeble voice. "I suspected at the time you was at the bottom of Lucy's disappearance, but I could never bring it home to him. I could never come upon a trace of her until a few days ago, when I saw her by chance in Paris. His voice sank and he failed a little with weakness, but in a moment he rallied and went on.

"She was living there with some Frenchman—never mind his name. I hunted her up and tried to persuade her to go home to her parents. He resented my interference; we fought, and here I am."

"It was that?" I cried, confounded; "it was on account of Lucy?"

"Poor child, poor girl!" he murmured, closing his eyes.

I stood speechless for a while. For the first time I realized Malet's part in the duel of which the doctor had spoken. In face of his mortal malady, I had forgotten for the moment that malady's cause.

"Well," he said at last, as I did not speak. "Good heavens, Ambrose! I said, 'you are the last man, yes, the last man, in the world I should have thought would fight a duel.'"

He smiled a little. "Why not?" he said. "I had no intention of killing the poor wretch who challenged me; he was safe enough from me."

"But the sin of it—it began," he said. "Sit down, Frank," he went on, raising his head and looking at me with a smile by the dim light of the candle. "So you're a parson now, a priest I suppose you would call yourself, and you are going to save men's souls. Well, you'll do a world of good, old fellow, one way or another. I know so much of you."

His head fell back on the pillow. "Move the light, will you?" he said. "There is nothing to do, and it hurts my eyes. We don't need a candle to talk by."

I rose and set the candle on a deal table in the passage outside. The door stood ajar; only a gleam of light fell from the opening. But though the moon was on the other side of the house its suffused whiteness filled the room, and through the open casement the light could be seen falling on a tree-covered hill that, rising just behind the hotel garden, defined its summit against the pale summer heavens. I took my place again beside Malet's bed. I could see his face plainly in the twilight as he lay with his head turned toward the window, his eyes fixed on the sky. For a few minutes he was silent. He spoke again, quite suddenly.

"You never believed me about Lucy," he said.

"For God's sake, Ambrose, don't speak of that again," I cried, in anguish. "Forgive me, forgive me the loss of all these years has been mine."

"No, no," he said; "it is no matter. All is over now, and it is all over. Life, too, will be over in a few hours, and that is well. Strange," he went on after a pause, "that men should dread death as they do. I have thought so always; now that I am dying, I think so more than ever. To dread the unknown—when to know the unknown is the great and unattainable desire of life."

"Most men think otherwise," I said; "the love of life is strong."

"Yes, yes, I know it," he said, "and it is better so; it should be so. But something has gone wrong between me and life; I have felt a stranger in it always. Death is best."

He lay quiet again for a long while. His breathing was difficult and oppressed. Now and then the wind stirred the trees on the hill outside; the shadows slowly moved with the advancing night; otherwise all was still. But presently he began to turn restlessly in the bed; the hands, but with fever, strayed over the counterpane. When he spoke again his mind was wandering a little. "At once, old fellow," he said, "I should like to get back there if it were only for a day. My mother is dead, you know; poor mother! The meadows down by the river; it would be cooler there than here; we might have another walk together. Lucy—"

The world's half rising in a murmur; but all at once, half raising himself in bed: "No one has believed in me, no one has cared for me," he said, in a strange, loud, solemn voice, such as I have never heard him use before; "and knowledge is ignorance, and one drink and drinks and the eternal thirst is never quenched, never—"

He looked round wildly till, his eyes falling on me in the imperfect light, gradually full consciousness returned. He lay back quietly.

"Give me some water, will you, Frank?" he said, in an exhausted voice.

I did as he desired.

"I must have been asleep, I think," he said, as his head sank again on the pillow. "I should have liked to tell you all about my wanderings, Frank. I have wandered a good deal since we last met; but I suppose there won't be time. What o'clock is it?"

He felt under the pillow for his watch. I went to the door and, looking at my own watch by the candle outside, told him the hour.

"It is later than I thought," he said, and, again lay silent, his face turned to the window. I sat down beside him and took his hand in mine. He let it lie there. "Strange," he said again. "One lives alone, and one dies alone, and yet human fellowship is sweet. I like to feel your hand in mine. Frank."

He was growing weaker. I could see it by the look on his face, and by the increasing difficulty with which he swallowed the cordial I gave him from time to time. I asked him presently whether he had any wishes I could fulfill.

"No," he said at first, then, "bury me here, of course," he said; "one spot of earth is like another, and there is no one at home to mourn for me."

"Don't say that," I said; "I broke down, and, laying my head on the counterpane, cried like a child. It distressed him. 'Don't,' he said twice, and in a minute I had conquered the weakness. 'I have fought for death,' he said, 'and now it has come. Yes, I am glad to die. Something was wrong between me and life; I could have made nothing of it. Death is best, and what comes after.'"

"You do believe, Ambrose," I cried. The words were involuntary, for, though the thought had been in my mind since I entered the room, I had not meant to utter it. He looked at me with eyes whose kindness and affection I can never forget.

"Good old Frank!" he said. "If you ever loved Lucy," he went on, after a pause, "tell her from me to go back to her parents. I have written to them; she will have no difficulty. Tell her so from me."

His face was growing darker; the moon had set. I could not make out the changes in his face any more. But he still kept it turned toward the window. "How bright the stars are to-night," he said once. "Surely we shall know." And once again, "Soon I shall know." Then a long silence.

About midnight the doctor had come in, and laid his hand on his patient's pulse, and gone without a word. I brought the light down into the darkest hour before dawn; but Ambrose took no notice. About dawn he died.

An hour later I went through the front door of the hotel, and out into the courtyard to breathe the morning air. The night had been a terrible one to me; I did not, until afterward, know how terrible and poignant. No, only in after years I came to understand what a sea of self-sufficiency had fallen from my eyes, and that, from that day forward, I was a changed man. I went out into the courtyard, looking up at the morning sky, which had the pale glow of the light that dawned after one whom we love has died. As I crossed the courtyard on my way to the gates that shut it in from the road one of them was pushed back and a woman came toward me. She wore a veil that concealed her face, but, seeing me, she started, and by a sudden impulse, I suppose, threw it back. Then I saw who she was.

"Lucy!" I said. The blood rushed to her face, then for a moment it was a lovely face still, though strangely altered since I had last seen it. She stared at me uncertainly for a moment.

"I didn't expect to meet you, sir," she said at last. "I came to ask after Mr. Malet. Can you tell me how he is?"

"He is dead," I answered. She gave a cry and dropped down on a bench by which we were standing. For a long time she did not say a word, nor after that cry uttered a sound. She sat with her hands clasped round her knees, gazing listlessly before her. A look of indescribable dreariness, rather than of grief, gradually overspread her face. As for me, who shall say what emotions I felt! I had once loved the girl—yes, I had loved her, and up in yonder room lay the man whose death she had caused.

At last she spoke. "I wanted to see Mr. Malet again," she said, in a low voice, without looking up. "I followed them; they did not know it. Can't I see him now?"

She rose as she spoke, but, before I could answer, dropped on to the grass again.

"No, I can't," she said. "I never saw any one dead yet. I couldn't."

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Again she sat silent, gazing drearily before her.

"Mr. Malet said the same to me," she said at last. "Of course he couldn't understand it. It's not only father and mother, it would be the neighbors, the whole life—no, I can never go home again, never!"

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Stanford, Ky., May 7, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The Trouble the Photographer Has with Infants—Presets.

"Are you photographing many children nowadays?" was asked of a well-known photographer.

"Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of beauty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her babe is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not one in ten thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for, of course, every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surrounded by a red face. Then the mamma complains that the camera will not flatter and make a superb out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, prevailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

"Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been reduced, that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto! the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and lose some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright-colored toy to engage attention, or else he diverted the infant's mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly diverting himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Autograph.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is appearing at the autograph table. The autograph album is a book of small photographs of the president, and the autograph album is a book of small photographs of the president, and the autograph album is a book of small photographs of the president.

Grover Cleveland, Feb. 27, 1886.

When the books have all been signed, the president takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are called for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by senators, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours in the day, but Mr. Cleveland has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, as not more than a half dozen at a time are taken in to him, and then only about three days in a week.

Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young fangor sport, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other is playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of their regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Soule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names, and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, taxed his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "Corporations have no souls," occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for his life. Mind you, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how many cards the stranger took. Like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blandly, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained to the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired entertainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life, it is, of course, the well-thought thing, but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be fitted to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the older rich men of the metropolis were driven on the road and loved to ride behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steeplechase riders and love to gallop across the country on what they call "hunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the laboratory as a check. At the end of one hour, they were all collected and examined. Find the air in the rooms continued pure, the glasses would have been as clear as when placed upon the desk. But all were somewhat turbid; one had a thick scum; and one had the lime so completely turned to chalk that a stream of pure carbonic acid produced no more precipitate. What did it all mean? Simply that the air in all those rooms was loaded with death-dealing carbonic acid.—Lefroy F. Griffin in The Current.

THE PRESENTMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Bayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case recalls some points in the Bayard history. Few families have been more depleted by sudden death than the Bayards, and in many instances there have been forebodings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Bayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Bayard's cousin, Charles C. Bayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Bayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Bayard's father were brothers.

In 1843, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimack, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Lehman R. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Bayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Bayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festering, and finally he became sick and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Mr. Ashmead and other friends: "This arm will be the death of me yet."

Ten years afterward young Bayard left for a cruise in the Columbia, as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a last farewell of all his friends here, and declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit, in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the Columbia being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were then lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was quite ill. Just near the summit he had been told ten years before the party stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning, a mass of lava and rock struck young Bayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living, upward of 60 years of age. His body is buried near the foot of Vesuvius.—Philadelphia Times.

What Jay Gould Says of Yachting.

Jay Gould was in the library of his Fifth avenue residence when your correspondent got into his presence. "If you desire to obtain an interview on the railroad strike," he said, with polite decision, save the effort of pertinacity, for I positively won't talk on that subject for publication. Whatever is to be said from the company's side of the case must come out of the company. You must excuse me." The visitor suggested that his views on railroad generally would be interesting for the public to read. "All right," Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Atlantic could be done by overboard everywhere, all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canal for the swift vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land transit are discomforts compared with skimming along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forevermore despise them. And who knows seriously, now—that some time or other we may have super-railroads, running fast and comfortable travel."—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Rattles.

If you would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray catkin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road you must sit down on the catkin, the tail of which must be turned in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight, the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grin, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the catkin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cat. Tiesello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Auber composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop. Sarti found that his imagination had freer vent in a dark room.

Meyerbeer drew his finest inspirations from a thunder-storm. Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an elder down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass' ale and the sofa while he is composing. Gluck composed his best out of doors in a meadow with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate medieval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which base-ball catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1876, when Herold Kinnis, one of the fastest of pitchers, was on the nine. Jim Tyn, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Hairs in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their collar. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

It cost \$108,949,528 to conduct the public schools of the United States in 1884.

THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Semmes' Exhortation—Sinking the Hatteras—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century the story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is retold briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Dr. J. M. Browne, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Keil, executive officer of the Alabama; and Mr. P. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and apparently of no little historic value, let in a striking light upon the Alabama's cruise.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by a "brawny fellow in petticoats and top boots," belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there playing him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory.

REMARK OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the royal navy, and was 'swept' with me, said to the point, 'We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it,' and he walked away. I have seen somewhere on account of the taking of the Hatteras, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hull and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenceless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the articles that made him one of the crew of the "90," afterward the Alabama, the shipping master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States. "Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Terceira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of hissed words. "He told us, among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the south from the Yankee, etc. A boatwain's mate behind me growled, 'Yass, Providence likely to bless this yer crew.' During the night some one ornamented a broad bag with a terrific skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen braces. In the morning the master came on board, and the crew were not uncommonly fighting with the warden of the prison. The warden of the prison was always well treated, except that 'the warden of destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful.'"

Of the fight with the Hatteras, Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. This combat, the first ever fought between armed vessels, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,031 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing a heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship. For example, after a year before, Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, explained to Lieut. Commander Thornton, that the ship's steam-chain hoist outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "furious, and commenced firing too soon," when far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow returned his fire with a result thus described: "The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over."

Capt. Keil considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was due, as Surgeon Browne explains, to the renewal of firing from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Capt. Semmes' orders or a failure to understand them.—New York Sun.

A Novel Use for Bald Heads.

A novel use for bald heads is thus described: When the Crown Prince Henry William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of hostilities with France, some courtiers with their neighbor in presenting some novelty by way of honor to his imperial highness. One capmeister conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera goers, and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, some men in the pit stood up, making the letters "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.—Exchange.

A Bald-Necked Old War Horse.

J. F. Copeland's "Old Bill" is not as famous as Stoueville's Jackson. "Old Bill," just died, but he is older. He carried Mr. Copeland through the war, received several flesh wounds, and now passes a pleasant old age near Corinth, Ga. He is 33 years old and quite bald as to neck and tail.—Exchange.

Some makers put's me in mine o' er tailor dat makes er coat ter suit bisself, an' den tries ter make erander man wa' it whuther it fits him er not.—Arkansas Traveler.

The staidest egg in this world is in Washington. It was found in a guano bed and is 1,000 years old.

A LITTLE MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

A Little Tale Told by the Poet of the Sierras—Mexico's Poverty.

I have been flirting desperately with a strangely beautiful little rosy-cheeked girl of about 15 years, who stood always on the door of the old convent as I went out, and sold me, for 1 cent, the richest little rosebud and greenest little leaf for my buttonhole I ever laid eyes on. One day, after I had gotten a few dollars in my pocket, I felt I had been a little mean, and so I made the price 5 cents. Well, you should have seen those shining black eyes! You should have seen her pretty teeth, about fifty of them. And the color of delight that came to her tawny little face would have made the fortune of any painter in this world who could have caught it. I promised her then and there that, sick or well, rain or shine, she should surely and certainly always sell at least 5 cents worth of flowers so long as I remained and had a centavito piece to buy with. This dropped her eyes entirely. People cry at such trifles here.

I told some ladies about this smart and patient child; and she has shoes and stockings now. She has also a neat little calico dress, and has had her glorious comb, did I forget to say that the only dress that this child had for all the weeks that she sold me the flowers for 1 cent was simply an old grubby bag with a hole cut through the end for the head; the arms quite naked."

And yet this artistic little thing had gathered the coarse garment about her so decently, and had always stood so meekly modestly, lifting her vast, swimming eyes, pushing back her black, heavy hair with her left hand as she hugged her roses with her right, that I really never had known quite how miserably she was clad. And this is also partly owing to the fact that she is only one of thousands. There is so much poverty here—much wealth, it is true, but most dreadful, hopeless, and dismal poverty. At the same time I am increasingly convinced that there is much more happiness to the square acre here than in New York, Washington, or any other American city in the United States.—Joachim Miller's Mexico Letter.

The Country's Consumption of Oranges.

Reference was made in a former letter to the chances of an over-production of oranges in Florida. Here are some figures stumbled on and given by a grower: Florida has never produced over 1,250,000 boxes, at an average of 150 to the box, which is a grand total of oranges in the last ten years about 7,500,000 boxes, or 187,500,000 oranges, this being a large estimate for the production of Florida oranges in ten years, total. Last year there were imported into New York city from foreign ports more than 70,000,000 oranges and lemons—Boston, 35,000,000; Philadelphia, 50,000,000; New Orleans, 30,000,000, making a grand total of oranges and lemons landed at these four principal ports of entry of 187,500,000. The Spanish citrus fruit for one year imported equals the entire production of Florida for the past ten years. Add the crop of 1885, say 15,000,000 oranges, to the 187,500,000 imported into four cities, and 50,000,000 estimated as landing at other ports, gives a grand total of oranges consumed in the United States 252,500,000. These divided among the population of say 50,000,000, will give to each inhabitant just four-and-a-half oranges each, allowing nothing for loss or decay in handling and transporting.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Havana Hotels Are Conducted.

While the manner of conducting hotels in Havana is very unlike our way, the change is agreeable for a time. The breakfast is a meal per day, a lunch consisting of coffee and rolls or fruit being served to a guest before dining, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. Pineapples, bananas, oranges, and an infinite variety of conserves made from tropical fruits with unpronounceable names, together with a quart bottle of fair table wine to each two persons, rendered the table quite endurable, even though an hour or more was consumed in being served. In a warm climate like that of Cuba, it is not only desirable, but agreeable, to fall into native ways, and lounge at midday under a palm tree, (from port to port, and not for the voyage, and are always rough, malicious set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no "man-o'-war dicker" from them.

A Ton of Executive Officers.

An assertion that the president and his cabinet weigh nearly a ton would seem at first appearance rather a startling one, but it is not so far from the fact. The talk about the physical condition of Mr. Manning brings out the fact that he weighed at the time of his attack 335 pounds. He had gained over 25 pounds since he came into his position at the treasury. The president is not much behind him in weight. They are very much alike in figure, height, and general physical peculiarities. There are several of the cabinet members who must weigh nearly 100 pounds each. Secretary Lamar is tall, broad-shouldered, and well developed physically, and must tip the beam at about that figure. Garland is a big man, very tall and muscular. He is not far from 200 in weight. Bayard is not far behind him, neither is Endicott. Vilas and Whitney must average up about 175 pounds each. Put the eight men—the president and his cabinet—the scales and you will find they do not fall many hundred weight below a ton.—Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mission of the Peach Blow Vase.

The "mission" of the peach blow vase. What a mission it is when rightly considered. Its rarity, coupled with its delicate beauty, commanded for the pretty trifle the sum of \$18,000. And yet the cost of the clay and the color did not exceed 10 cents. All the rest was for the secret of the combination, the knowledge and art of the common potter of two centuries ago. If it was not lost peach blow vases would not command a higher price than another common hand-some tray or ornament. If the secret is gone there is left for the thoughtful workman a thing almost as precious—this striking evidence of the value that his unconscious efforts may acquire in the world of art. The peach blow vase is the incarnation of the dignity of labor.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

When Our Forests Are Gone.

As a last resource, when the forests shall be thinned to the point of extinction, we shall have the ore beds and smelting furnaces to fall back upon, and iron cars will at last become a necessity, their cheapness and durability will be recognized, and the weary waiting of their many languine advocates abundantly rewarded. But we are sorry to say that both cars and advocates must ride their time, which is not yet.—National Car-Builders.

Lead Poisoning from the Millstones.

Cases of lead poisoning in Paris have been traced to bread and flour, certain holes in the millstones which ground the grain having been filled up with lead.

50. The date on your label is d d m m a a anything.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

NOTES FROM AN OBSERVER SOJOURNING IN PINEVILLE.

Euclid in a Fit of Delirium Tremens— Singular Uncertainty of Statistics—The Poorest of the "Poor White" Inhabitants—An Underbred Race.

When the original engineers surveyed this country timber was very thick and run very cheap—or, if not run, apple brandy, which was the patriotic colonial and Revolutionary drink. The result was a set of boundary lines which reminded one of Euclid in a fit of delirium tremens. Instance the line I am now on or near, between the two Carolinas, which in its entire course runs to every point of the compass, besides forming an arc in one place and following the meanderings of a creek in another. And no one knows why it was so located.

But the lines of farms are still more mysterious. To an Indiana or Illinois man they seem the very madness of perverse ingenuity. Is it not a strange thing that in royal and colonial times no one ever thought of as simple an expedient as fencing out in square tracts? In the course of time and changes by sale and trade most of the farms have got into some convenient shape; but the habit of speech is more enduring than the habit of action, and very few people direct a traveler by the points of the compass. Their instructions abound in "down the creek," "over the next creek," "around the other side of the swamp," and so on. And very few planters know just how much land they own; it is sold or rented on estimates, and sometimes a survey will show a variation of fifty acres.

This singular uncertainty runs through the most of the statistics of North Carolina. You always have to discount or add a percentage to make them square with the reason of things. Apparently there never is as much gold produced from a mine or as much corn from an acre as last year's statistics present. It depends so largely upon the temperament of the man who gives the figures; and surely there is no other state where big men are so ready to give big figures or little men feel so awfully little and small spirited as in North Carolina. Take one of these little, peaked-nosed, stooped-shouldered, and weakened fellows who "crop it" on these pine flats, and he certainly can take the most narrow contracted views of the universe of any creature outside of Lilliput. That the world is nearly 25,000 miles around and contains some 1,400,000,000 people is a conception he could not possibly take in—though he would assent to it instantly if some man of imposing air stated it confidently.

AN UNDERBRED AND UNDERPEOPLE.

He has less color in his face, less spring in his walk, and less "tone" in his speech than the native of any section I have visited. His peculiar grayish or mealy, talloish complexion is a mystery to me. Many pretend it is due to the climate; but that is an evident error, as the well-to-do people are noticeably ruddy, and certainly it should be more healthful in the pines than on the darker lands. I am satisfied it is the result of defective nourishment and generation to generation. They have scant food, and don't know how to cook that. "Jowl and greens," with butter milk, is their feast at this season, corn-bread and "fry" (fried bacon) their standard. Not one family in three has a vegetable garden worthy the name. Not one house in ten has a grass plat or shrubbery around it. It isn't a good day's walk from Charlotte to this piney and strip, yet it is from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century.

I like backwoods people if they have the flavor of the woods, for if well fed and housed they always have a primitive humor that is racy of the soil, and their homely wit is worth a long walk to hear. But the Carolinian of the pines seems totally destitute of that humor, which charms even in the negroes of the black lands. He is essentially a bad being. Evidently he does not enjoy this world, though I rarely hear him speak of a better. That the race is underbred is clearly shown by the fact that those graceful curves are lacking which mark nearly all natural human forms—that is there is no swell of soft flesh here and there to finish off the body. Arm or leg is the same circumference for its entire length. In sight of me as I write is an adult female of the species. Fit a ring tight around her just under the arms, and it would slide to her heels and touch evenly all the way. Near by is her husband, chopping wood with such an indescribable over-the-head sweep that I can not tell whether he is right or left handed.—"Parker's" Letter in Chicago Times.

The King and His Doctors.

A good story is told of King Ernest of Hanover. He was seriously ill, and saw numerous doctors, but he would not take any medicine. As any bottle or powder was brought, his majesty said, "Put it in the cupboard;" and again and again it was "Put in the cupboard." Not one drop was touched. Starring patience grew the king's good turn, and began to feel that he could eat again with a relish, and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His majesty was up and dressed early, and at business. "Get all those bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, "and range them in a row round the room." It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in, snickering and smiling, and congratulated the king upon being up again and looking so well. "Yes, doctors," said his majesty, "thank God it is so. But look—count it up. Don't you think if I had taken all that stuff I should have been dead long ago?"—Foreign Letter.

Management of a Circus Company.

A contrast between the old days and the new is rather vividly set forth by the manager of a popular circus company: "Our business has become a science. Instead of using a limited number of old spavined horses to drag wagons over country roads, we now use railway cars. We have eighty cars of our own, hiring only the motive power, and are whirled through twenty states in the course of one season. We have a tent which, instead of accommodating 1,500 persons, covers easily 21,000 persons. Instead of one small ring, we have three large ones, an elevated stage and a hippodrome racing track. We have two menageries, a herd of elephants, 450 horses to draw wagons and chariots, and twenty-six tents, besides sleeping cars and hotel cars. Our payroll contains nearly 800 names, and our expenses each day amount to \$7,000. The capital invested is \$1,000,000."—The Argonaut.

A Place Up Among the A's.

George Ebers, the biographer of Alma-Tadema, says that Alma is a fancy name adopted by the painter partly because it has a pleasing sound and partly because it enables him to have his pictures entered on the first page of art catalogues.—Philadelphia Press.

Soundings in the South Pacific.

A line of soundings just completed across the South Pacific from New Zealand to the straits of Magellan, by Commander Barker, U. S. N., found 3,000 fathoms near Chatham island, the greatest depth.—Exchange.

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IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."
EDWIN HARPER."

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DOING THE DARLINGS JUSTICE.

The trouble the photographer has with infantile humanity—Protest.

"Are you photographing many children nowadays?" was asked of a well-known photographer.

"Yes, the babies are pretty steady customers and among the most troublesome we have. Next to a middle-aged, plain-faced female, who wants ten years taken from her age and a large stock of twenty added to her tout ensemble, a young mother with her babe is the most aggravating person the photographer has to deal with. Not one in fifty thinks the photographer does her darling justice, for, of course, every mother has the sweetest, prettiest baby in the world.

They bring them to be photographed when there is scarcely any difference between the features of one and another, dress them up in lace and lawn, and prop them up with pillows. When they are posed there is scarcely anything visible but a bundle surmounted by a face. Then the mamma complains that the camera will not idealize and make a cherub out of a frightened little morsel of humanity whose most salient characteristic is abnormal lung power. There is usually a great deal of time expended arranging the precious infant, prevailing upon it to smile, and allaying its fears. Mamma must generally stand close by to preserve order and add the finishing touches.

"Still, we do not have half the trouble photographing children that we used to have. The time necessary for taking a picture has been so reduced that, if we can catch a child in the right position and with a desirable expression for a moment, presto! the picture is taken and there we are. By the old method we used to require so much more time that it was next to an impossibility to get a really good picture of a baby. They were certain to move and blur some of the features, or begin to cry and produce a lamentable failure. In those days the artist had to be a diplomatist up to all sorts of wily expedients to keep an infant still and to produce a pleasant expression on its little physiognomy. When he removed the cap with one hand he had to exhibit in the other a jumping-jack or some bright colored toy to engage attention, or else he diverted the infant's mind by whistling like a mocking bird, or otherwise foolishly diverting himself. That sort of thing is largely done away with, but children make very bad subjects for the camera all the same."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

The President and His Antagonist.

One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties the president has to perform is appraising the antithesis of his office. The president generally has a dozen or so autograph albums lying on his table. When the president comes to his office in the morning he takes in his little load, and if the president appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the president, with a laugh and some remark about the cause, writes his signature nearly always this way:

Grover Cleveland,

Feb. 27, 1884.

When the books have all been signed, Luffler takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are called for. The president sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "executive mansion" or "white house," but never putting "president" before or after his name. A great many of the autograph books are left by senators, members and other high officials, but almost every caller has a book in which they want the president's signature. If all these were sent in the labor would keep the president busy for twenty-five hours in the day, but Mr. Luffler has a way of keeping the people off. The president never refuses to sign his name in the books, as not more than a half dozen at a time are taken in to him, and these only about three days in a week.—Washington Post.

Strengthening Memory by Association.

There is a good story going the rounds at the expense of a young flangor sport, who has several bad habits, one of which is forgetfulness and the other playing the festive and eminently American game of poker. One evening one of his regular poker party brought in a stranger by the name of Scule. Our friend, knowing his own weakness for names, and afraid that he would make some mistake during the evening, taxed his brain to the utmost in order to fix the name in his memory, and in this attempt he was aided by what he thought was a very bright idea. The old expression, "Corporations have no souls" occurred to him, and by keeping this saying in mind he was able to remember the stranger's name.

This plan worked first rate for a time, but as the game waxed merrier and a pair of aces got to be worth the limit there came a time when our friend could not think of the stranger's name for his life. Mind you, at this time he was a little fuddled, but he felt he must know how to win. He started to look like a flash that saying came into his mind, and breathing a sigh of relief he said blithely, "Excuse me, Mr. Corporation, how many did you draw?" The laugh that followed showed the forgetful youth his mistake, and as his only way out of it he explained the whole matter to the board and ordered some more all round.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Copying Features of English Life.

This custom of introducing hired entertainers into private houses is growing rapidly, and as it is one of the features of English life it is, of course, "the swell thing," but it is well to notice that no actor of American birth and training can be fitted to this class of work. Rich people on the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

The acquisition of wealth in this country seems to draw our citizens toward the customs that have grown to be second nature on the other side. For instance, while the older rich men of the metropolis were drivers on the road and loved to sit behind a fast trotter, the younger generation are all steeplechase riders and love to gallop across the country on what they call "bunts." This new phase of life for the young bloods is growing very rapidly.—Frank Burr in Philadelphia Times.

The Ventilation of a School-Room.

Some years ago, a glass half full of lime water was placed upon the teacher's desk in each of the six rooms of a large school. A single glass was left on the desk of the other side, who are not able to amuse themselves, introduce these professionals into their houses and people of wealth in this city with little capacity for doing something interesting themselves are rapidly following their example.

THE PRESENTMENT OF DEATH.

Circumstances Attending the Death of Young Hayard at Mount Vesuvius.

The subject of presentment concerning death and fatality in families spoken of in Hancock's case is somewhat points in the Hayard history. Few families have been more deeply by sudden death than the Hayards, and in many instances there have been forebodings and presentiments. It is said that Miss Hayard wrote a letter indicating her approaching death. There are now in Washington many old naval officers who remember the interesting circumstances attending the death of Miss Hayard's cousin, Charles C. Hayard, at Mount Vesuvius. He was the favorite son of Richard Hayard, of Philadelphia, whose father and Secretary Hayard's father were brothers.

In 1841, while on board the United States ship Congress, in company with several young friends from on board, he made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. It was the same Congress that went down in Hampton Roads before the Merrimack, and in the party was the same Joseph Smith, who, as commander of the Congress, had his head taken off by a cannon ball, and of whom his father said, when he heard that the Congress was taken: "Then Joe is dead." In the party also was Lehman R. Ashmead, of Philadelphia, with whom young Hayard afterward went to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulcher. While there they both had tattooed on their arms by an old dragoman the heraldic arms of Jerusalem, with the date of their visit. In the case of young Hayard the tattooed cross developed virulent features, festering, and finally he became sick and the arm became greatly swollen. He continually declared that he would die, and even after it appeared to grow entirely well he was in the habit of saying to Mr. Ashmead and other friends: "This arm will be the death of me yet."

Ten years afterward young Hayard left for a cruise in the Columbia, as flag lieutenant of Commander Morris. Before leaving he took a last farewell of all his friends here, and declared to one and all that "they would never see him again." He was very dejected and despondent. Ten years to a day from his previous visit, in company with young Carroll Tucker, of Maryland, and a few friends, the Columbia being then at Naples, he made the ascent of Vesuvius during an eruption. With him were Rear Admiral Simpson and Rear Admiral Calhoun, who were then lieutenants. He had the arm of a Prussian army officer. He was the gay. Just near the Hermitage where he had been ten years before, he stopped, finding it would be dangerous to go nearer the crater. As they were turning, a mass of lava and rock struck young Hayard on the arm where he had been tattooed, cutting it fearfully and obliterating the cross, and before the party could reach the foot of the volcano he died. His mother is still living, upward of 40 years of age. His body lies buried near the foot of Vesuvius.—Philadelphia Times.

What Jay Gould Says of Yachting.

Jay Gould was in the library of his Fifth Avenue residence when your correspondent got into his presence. "If you desire to obtain an interview on the railroad strike," he said, with polite decision, save the effort of pertinacity, for I positively won't talk on that subject for publication. Whatever is to be said from the company's side of the case is put out on the ground. You must excuse me." The visitor suggested that his views on railroading generally would be interesting for the public to read. "All right," Mr. Gould replied, "just make me say that if steam yachting in my Atlanta could be done by everybody everywhere, all over the continent, I would sell my railroad holdings at a sacrifice. Suppose that canals for the swift vessels could be dug alongside all the railroads in the country, who would ride any more in cars? I've just returned from a cruise in my yacht, and the highest luxuries known to land travel are discomforts compared with skimming along, as swiftly as the average train, with no dust or jolt. Oh, railroads are useful but for purposes of pleasure I shall forevermore despise them. And who knows—seriously, now—that some time or other waterways may supersede railroad tracks for fast and comfortable travel."—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

Danish Superstition Concerning Hitches.

If you would be rich you must go out on Twelfth Night to a cross road where five ways meet, one of which leads to a church; and you must take with you in your hands a gray catkin and an axe. When you reach the cross-road you must sit down on the catkin, the tail of which must be extended in the direction of the road which leads to the church yard. Then you must look fixedly at the axe which must be made as sharp as possible.

Toward midnight the goblins will come in multitudes and put gold in great heaps around you, to try and make you look up, and they will chatter, grumble, and grin at you. But when at length they have failed in causing you to look aside, they will begin to take hold of the tail of the catkin and drag it away with you upon it. Then you will be fortunate if you can succeed in cutting off the tail with the axe without looking about you and without damaging the axe. If you succeed the goblins will vanish, and all the gold will remain by you. Otherwise, if you look about you or damage the axe, it will be all up with you.—Chambers' Journal.

Quaint Fancies of Famous Composers.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cat.

Pastello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Auber composed while on horseback, riding at full gallop.

Bartoli found that his imagination had freer vent in a dark room.

More drew his finest inspirations from a thunder-storm.

Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an elder down quilt.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is addicted to Bass' ale and the sofa while he is composing.

Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Wagner, when composing his historical operas, arrayed himself in the appropriate medieval garb.—New York Graphic.

Inventor of the Ball-Catcher's Mask.

The mask which baseball catchers now wear was the invention of Fred Thayer. He was training the Harvard nine in the winter of 1867, when Harrold Ernst, one of the fastest of pitchers, was on the nine. Jim Tyng, who caught, said that he would not stand behind the bat unless he could get some sort of protection for his face. The result was that Thayer fixed up a sort of cage, which has gradually become the improved mask of to-day.—Chicago Tribune.

Beards in the French Army.

Gen. Boulanger, minister of war, has resolved to sanction beards in the French army. Officers and sergeants may wear any amount of beard, provided it be not long enough to conceal the number of their regiments on their faces. For privates there is no restriction. Side whiskers, however, must not be worn alone, and short hair, especially behind, is still compulsory.—Chicago Journal.

It cost \$100,000,000 to conduct the public schools of the United States in 1884.

THE ALABAMA'S CAREER.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER'S CRUISE AND COMBATS.

Account by One of the Crew—Remark of an Old Tar—Semmes' Exhortation—Sinking the Hatteras—When the Alabama Met the Kearsarge.

In the Century story of the cruise and combats of the Confederate steamer Alabama is related briefly, and in an extremely interesting way. The contributors to the account are Mr. J. M. Browne, surgeon of the Kearsarge; Capt. J. M. Keel, executive officer of the Alabama, and Mr. P. D. Haywood, one of the Alabama's crew. This looks at first like two on one side and one on the other, but Mr. Haywood seems more like an observer of the American domestic quarrel than like an advocate. His few pages, which are of unusual interest, and with a striking light upon the Alabama's career.

Mr. Haywood, who was dragged out of the water when the ship went down, by a brawny fellow in petticoats and top boots, belonging to a French pilot boat that came to the rescue of the swimmers, says that what astonished him when he reached Cherbourg was to find Englishmen there plying him with questions designed to depreciate the Kearsarge's victory.

REMARK OF A GRIM OLD TAR.

"One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the royal navy, and was saved with me, said to the point, 'We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned, had better guns, better served: that's about the size of it,' and he walked away. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the Hatteras, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false flag and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return—surely no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the Kearsarge, however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenseless merchantmen."

When Haywood signed in Liverpool the notice that made him one of the crew of the "Alabama," the Alabama, the ship's master warned him against Yankee spies, and assured him that Great Britain would soon declare war against the United States.

"Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the place for the next guns were plainly marked; her masts were finished and shot boxes were lying about."

At Terceira an English bark brought her guns and war material, and more men and the captain came by another vessel. Then, leaving Angra on a Sunday morning, the Britons for the first time saw the flag they were to fight under, and heard the first of Semmes' exhortations:

"I told us among other things, that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the south from the Yankee, etc. A boatwain's mate behind me growled, 'Yas, Providence likely to bless this yer crew.' During the night some one ornamented a broad bag with a terrific skull and crossbones, and managed to fasten it to one of the mizen braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only laughed at him, and suggested that 'Chimney' the mainmast, had been at his tricks. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clow to sailing—no haymakers among them—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the 'run' (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a most mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no 'man-o'-war dicker' from them.

TWENTY-TWO MONTHS OF SUCCESS.

The wonder is that Capt. Semmes accomplished so much. Mr. Haywood acknowledges his "judgment and resolution," as shown by twenty-two months of success, and in First Lieut. Keel he had an able executive officer. Hazing and fighting were not uncommon. Prisoners were always well treated except that the wanton destruction of the clothes and some of captured sailors was simply disgraceful.

Of the light with the Hatteras, Mr. Haywood's opinion has already been given. But when the Alabama met the Kearsarge there was a different sort of battle. This combat, the first ever fought between screw-propelled war vessels in the open sea, was a duel of ships evenly matched in size, 1,040 tons to 1,031 tons, but, repeating the familiar story of fifty years before, with the American vessel throwing a heavier weight of metal than the British from a smaller number of guns, with greater precision. The advantage in fertility of device was also with the Union ship. For example, over a year before, Capt. Winslow, at the suggestion of Lieut.-Commander Thornton, had the ship's sheet-chain hung outside over her boilers. This protective device was equally open to the Alabama, but nobody thought of it. Again, Mr. Haywood thinks that Semmes was somewhat "hurried, and commenced firing too soon," when far away, in the hope to disable his antagonist by a broadside. Winslow reserved his fire with a result thus described:

"The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it. The enemy shot that struck us inside the ship's reef and shook all round."

Capt. Keel considers that the glory of the victory was tarnished by the Kearsarge's firing several shots after the Alabama's colors were struck; but this was due, as Surgeon Browne explains, to the renewal of firing from the Alabama, either through disobedience of Capt. Semmes' orders or a failure to understand them.—New York Sun.

A Novel Use for Haid Heads.

A novel use for haid heads is thus described: When the Crown Prince Henry William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of hostilities with France, each town vied with its neighbor in presenting some novelty by way of honor to his imperial highness. One capemaster conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera goers, and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, some men in the pit stood up, making the letters "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.—Exchange.

A Bald-Necked Old War Horse.

J. F. Copeland's "Old Bill" is not as famous as Stonewall Jackson's "Old Bonnet," just died, but he is older. He carried Mr. Copeland through the war, received some flesh wounds, and now passes a pleasant old age near Corinth, Ga. He is 43 years old and quite bald as to neck and tail.—Exchange.

Some preachers put me in mine o'er tailor dat makes er coater suit bliss, an' den trie ter make er mender man wa'r whether it fits him er not.—Arkansas Traveller.

The staliest egg in this world is in Washington. It was found in a guano bed and is 1,000 years old.

A LITTLE MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

A Little Tale Told by the Poet of the Sierra—Mexico's Poverty.

I have been flirting desperately with a strangely beautiful little rosy girl of about 7 years, who stood always on the door of this old convent as I went out, and sold me, for 1 cent, the richest little rosebud and greenest little leaf for my lute-hole I ever laid eyes on. One day, after I had gotten a few dollars in my jacket, I felt I had been a little mean, and so I made the price 5 cents. Well! You should have seen those shining black eyes. You should have seen her pretty teeth; about fifty of them. And the color of delight that came to her tawny little face would have made the fortune of any painter in this world who could have caught it. I promised her then and there that, sick or well, rain or shine, she should surely and certainly always sell at least 5 cents worth of flowers so long as I remained and had a cent-silver piece to buy with. This drowned her eyes entirely. People cry at such trifles here.

I told some ladies about this smart and patient child; and she has shoes and stockings now. She has also a neat little calico dress, and has had her glorious comb. Did I forget to say that the only dress that this child had all the weeks that she sold me the flowers for 1 cent was simply an old raggy bag with a hole cut through the end for the head: the arms quite naked!

And yet this artistic little thing had gathered the coarse garment about her so decently, and had always stood so modestly, lifting her vast swimming eyes, pushing back her black, heavy hair with her left hand as she hugged her roses with her right, that I really never had known quite how miserably she was clad. And this is also partly owing to the fact that she is only one of thousands. There is so much poverty here—much wealth, it is true, but most dreadful, hopeless, and dismal poverty. At the same time I am clearly convinced that there is much more happiness to the square acre here than in New York, Washington, or any other American city in the United States.—Joachim Miller's Mexico Letter.

The Country's Consumption of Oranges.

Reference was made in a former letter to the chances of an over-production of oranges in Florida. Here are some figures stumbled on and given by a grower:

"Florida has never produced over 1,250,000 boxes, at an average of 150 to the box, which makes a grand total of oranges in the last ten years about 7,500,000 boxes, or 187,500,000 oranges, this being a large estimate for the production of Florida oranges in ten years, total. Last year there were imported into New York city from foreign ports more than 70,000,000 oranges and lemons—Boston, 35,000,000; Philadelphia, 50,000,000; New Orleans, 30,000,000, making a grand total of oranges and lemons landed at three of our principal ports of entry of 185,000,000. The foreign fruit for one year imported equals the entire production of Florida for the past ten years. Add the crop of 1885, say, 15,000,000 oranges, to the 185,000,000 imported from four cities, and 200,000,000 estimated as landing at other ports, gives a grand total of oranges consumed in the United States 235,000,000. These divided among a population of 57,000,000, will give to each inhabitant just 4 oranges each, allowing nothing for loss or decay in handling and transporting.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Havana Hotels Are Conducted.

While the manner of conducting hotels in Havana is very unlike our way, the change is agreeable for a time. There are but two real meals per day, a lunch consisting of coffee and rolls or fruit being served to a guest before rising, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. Pineapples, bananas, oranges, and an infinite variety of conserves made from tropical fruits being served to a guest before rising, if wished, the breakfast hour being at 10 o'clock and the dinner at 5. We were prepared to suffer martyrdom in the matter of food, but were pleasantly surprised to find most excellent fare, the steaks being better than the average at home, and the Cuban method of preparing fish simply superb. 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